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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 238.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



THE SLOPER AREA HUNT.

"The love of sport is, the dear Dook says, inborn with some people. It certainly is with Papa. Through pressure of business, and a little monetary difficulty over some I.O.U.s he gave in error to the local tradesmen a few days back, Poor Papa was unable to join the meet of the Slocum Podger Hounds on Tuesday. Not to be done, he and the boys went cat-hunting in the areas around Mildew Court, and judging by the account they gave on their return, it must have been most exciting. Alexandry says the police seem to encourage sport in our neighbourhood."—TOOTSIE.

OUR DEPRAVED TASTES.—A WARNING TO NOVEL READERS.



1. "Ha, ha! dearest good—or—I mean, shockingly bad," murmured the Rev. Stiggins. "If I could only capture that book, to destroy it, of course—"



2. "Policeman, see you not before thine eyes a bold, bad youth, ruining himself, body, and soul? Do your duty. Seize the book, and bring it here to me."



3. "Oh, what an awful state of depravity!" sighed Stiggins. "Hand it over, constable." "Not I," chuckled Robert, "tis mine; the law attends to this."

MOLL JONES, SHOP-LIFT.

"THIS unhappy woman," says the chronicler of her life and deeds, "was born of very good parents, living in Chancery Lane, and being brought up in the New Exchange in the Strand to make hoods and scarves, she there married an apprentice, who quickly squandered all the money she possessed. She thus fell into poverty, and so was induced to turn thief."

Moll's first recorded exploit was the picking of a man-milliner's pocket of a purse containing fifteen guineas and a broad-piece in St. James's Park, with which she escaped scot-free; but for picking the pocket of Mr. Delafain, chocolate-maker to their Majesties William and Mary, she was committed to Newgate, and burnt in the hand.

Thereupon abandoning the trade of pocket-picking, she turned "shop-lift," and practised it successfully for three or four years, coming to grief at last over six pair of silk stockings in a hosier's shop in Exeter Change. By chance, on this occasion, she was observed by another customer, one Smith, "a victualler at the 'Rose and Crown' ale-house, over against the little Savoy Gate in the Strand," and he, being a constable, seized and carried her before Justice Brydal, who committed her to Newgate, after which she was again burnt in the hand and set free.

On regaining her liberty, Moll determined to have her revenge on the victualler, at whose house she had from time to time spent a good deal of money, and for this purpose

employed a sharp-witted rascal of her acquaintance. She had often heard the landlord bragging of his rich friends in Shropshire, and of a rich uncle at Ludlow, and late one evening, to Smith's astonishment, a stranger, dusty and travel-stained, leading a wearied horse by the bridle, arrived to inform him that his uncle was dead, and had made a will, leaving him, Smith, all he possessed. "And to-day," said the messenger, "he is to be buried by some of his kindred; but before I came away, knowing my deceased master's, your uncle's, mind, I took an inventory of all the goods, and locked up all his bonds and other writings, and the money and plate, in one of the great chests, and have brought the key, which I here present you with, along with me."

"To have seen the perplexed looks of this ale-draper," says the chronicler, "which he laboured to frame to a countenance of grief, but could not, for his more prevalent joys, which appeared in the better half of his mouth, would have made a man split his sides with laughing. 'Ah, wife,' quoth he, 'I have lost a friend, and the very best of friends; however, let's pluck up and be merry.'"

Merry they were accordingly, the messenger first having humbly begged that he might remain bailiff and steward of Smith's newly-acquired property, a request that was graciously granted. Then a right royal spread graced the table, and some of the best wine was drunk in memory of the dear departed. After supper the messenger urged an early departure for the uncle's house, lest, in his absence, the lock of the strong box should be tampered with, but Smith and his wife objected to appear upon the scene unless suitably attired in mourning, and suits of the best were therefore ordered for the victualler, his wife, and the faithful steward, whose lodging, food, and horse-keep the heir of course discharged.

Some days were thus occupied, and then the journey began, all three living like fighting-cocks; but on the fourth night, when they were within a few miles of Ludlow, the trusty steward considered he himself had travelled far enough, so, having slept till daylight, he arose, took his portmanteau, mourning suit, and a few unconsidered trifles, bestrode his horse, and riding off at full gallop, never more was seen. As may be supposed, this mysterious departure somewhat shook Smith's belief in things generally, but being now so near their journey's end, he resolved on pushing forward, but on arriving there, "could hear of no such man, and no such matter," as either uncle, will, or property, a somewhat remarkable circumstance, if his former bragging had any foundation in truth. We are told that then the unhappy couple "turned their horse's head and sorrowfully departed, cursing the hour they ever saw this cheating rogue, and to add to their misfortunes, their funds were now so low they were forced to make long journeys and short meals, and were fain, at St. Albans, to part with their horse, whose hard travel and harder feeding had brought him down to a third of the price he cost them in London, where on foot, wearied and wasted with vexation, they at last arrived, and in the dark crept into their house to avoid the laughter of their neighbours."

Soon after this Moll was taken for stealing a piece of satin in Ludgate Hill, whither she went in a splendid equipage, personating the Duchess of Norfolk, and was hanged at Tyburn in the twenty-fifth year of her age, on the 18th of December, 1691.

"Pore gal," murmured Alexandry, "see what comes o' larkin!" "It wasn't the larkin done it, puddin' head," retorted William; "it was the silk stockin's." "What did she wear 'em for, then?" asked Alexandry. "Why don't gals wear socks like you and me? They're much more comfortable." (Next week, "A Left-Handed Murderer.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

L. PRICE (Teddington).—Yes, it is almost impossible to avoid that sort of thing nowadays.—T. P. KENNETH (Surbiton).—"Is that possible? Oh, I say!" Yes, you are quite right, and we have heard the song somewhere, but really it's so long ago that "We forget, we forget, we forget."—C. CARSTON (Dulston).—"Why don't you compete in some of our Prize Competitions, then? You say you think you could do something of 'that sort of thing.' Be sure the 'Award' won't come merely because you bother us with a our-page letter of rubbish every month.—Z. Y. X. W. V., &c.—All in good time, brother.—J. L. DUNSDALE (Wandsworth Road).—"You must apply week after week in the usual way and not lose patience quite so quickly.—T. D.—No; we do not remember having done so. Kindly oblige us with further particulars, and we will do our best for you.—HENRY J. LOVEDALE (Sheffield).—"It is in the majority of cases, yours may be the exception.—S. L. FORTH.—Oh, yes; all your coupons are received, and a Watch will find its way to you after a time, never fear.—J. L. GODFREY (Sunderland).—"Yes, you can obtain the numbers you want from 'The Slopers,' post-free 14d. each.—J. L. (Leeds).—"Yes.—S. D. FAIRBURN (Queen's Road, Finsbury Park).—"No, you must cease the practice, or you will not stand a chance."

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

•• The Last will close this day, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"LOOK at that peacock!" exclaimed Jones. "What a vain bird it is, to be sure." "I know a vainer one than him," remarked Smith. "What's that?" interrogated Jones. "The weathercock," was the smart reply.

"I SAY, Stingiman," exclaimed Robinson, "your pocket is like a pocket of hops." "How is that?" asked Stingiman. "Why, the contents will never be of use to anyone until you are brought to the bier!"

"JUNE used to be the month for marriages," observed Mrs. Clumberbump, the other evening. "All among the roses, you know; but I hear so much talk now about the Wedding March, that I s'pose that has got to be the fashionable month instead."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 238.—The "Match Girl" Costume.



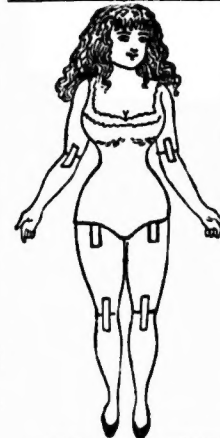
A SPANISH ARM-AIDER.
Dedicated to Augustus Harris, with full permission to use the idea in any way he pleases.



"A handy man? So is your husband."



Augustine. Adolphus, dear, what's the matter with your eye?
Adolphus. Oh—er—I have a sty. Dreadful Child. A sty? Oh! Auntie, dear, that accounts for you saying Mr. Jiggles is pig-headed!



A doll? Why, certainly. What else should it be?



ANOTHER PERFORMING DONKEY.
"Then up went the price of cabbages—up higher!"
What price greens? Why, they're up, up, up!
The mokes do play "a pretty pup."
The cart and voss, have come to grief—
The stock is "lifted" by a thief.

WE suffer more from evils which never happen than from those which do. The agony of anticipation suffered during the five minutes that a flea takes to walk up the middle of your back while you are dancing a quadrille is far worse than the bite itself, when he finally settles upon a tempting spot.

"I SAY, McGooseley!" exclaimed a thirsty loafer, the other evening, "do you know the difference between you and me?" "No," answered the bibulous one; "what ish't?" "Why, I long to drink, and you drink too long," was the reply which gained him the desired booze.

"THE worst of seeing you girls home of an evening is that you do nothing but chatter the whole time," remarked a cynical cousin. "Oh, Charlie!" exclaimed the girls, "I'm sure we weren't chattering last night; it was too cold to open our mouths." "Oh, well, if you weren't your teeth were," said the cynical cousin.

ONE tradesman to another spoke:

"Lord Dasher's just gone past.
Now is it true, or is't a joke?—
I've heard say that he's fast."

"No scandal on him will I cast;
He's not one of my pets.
In other things he may be fast;
He's slow in paying debts."

MADAME BROWN, the leading modiste in Sloper's Island, advertises some charming costumes for breakfast and dinner! This is as bad as the would-be swell, who told the keeper of a cheap coffee-house that he was always accustomed to dine off a table-cloth. "Perhaps that's where mine 'ave gone to, then," said the man; "cos they've all gone 'cept one, and that we've got for a sheet on the best bed."

At the Railway Station.

Toffington. What horrible clothes you wear, Dobbs.
Dobbs (puffing and blowing from his efforts to catch the train). Humph! Think so?
Toffington. Where on earth do you get your pants?
Dobbs. Why, from my lungs, of course. [Toffington moves away.]

"WELL, Mr. Moses, what do you propose to pay us in the pound?" asked a gentleman at a meeting of creditors. "Really, gentlemen," said Mr. Moses, "I don't know. It's so long since I did anything of this kind, that s'help me if I ain't regular out of it." (Turning to his solicitor.) "What's the market price, now, Mr. Fleecem?"

AT the Gaiety bar, the other afternoon, a knot of young fellows were talking about a certain theatrical manager, and no one had a good word to say for him. He was this, that, and the other—in fact, everything that was bad—until at last one of the party remarked, "There is one thing in his favour. He keeps good company." "You cannot even place that to his credit," replied another, "for it is his company that keep him!"

THOUGH naught I know of mathematical lore,
Yet I well understand Rule of Three,
For my wife, my mother, and mother-in-law,
All live together at home with me.

"ALLY SLOPER was invited to the club dinner at the Junior Thespians, the other day, and, on taking his seat, the genial chairman exclaimed, 'Pardon me, Mr. SLOPER, but won't you come nearer the head of the table?' 'Pardon me, sir,' replied the Eminent, with his inimitable manner, 'but wherever SLOPER sits, that is the head of the table.' The remainder of the members concurring, it was settled so."—Extract from London Letter to the Midlandshire Miracle.

"WHAT does C.B. stand for, Snapper?" asked Mrs. Snapper, as she sat at breakfast. "Companion of the Bath," replied Mr. Snapper, who was deep in the Parnell Commission. "And what is a Companion of the Bath?" enquired his good lady. "A sponge," sharply answered Mr. Snapper.

"LOOK at me!" said Bouncer, tapping his breast with pride. "Look at me! I'm a self-made man, and I'm proud of it." "That's jest where the difference ish 'tween you an' me," replied McGooseley. "I'm a self-made man, and I ain't proud of it. Two Scotch cold, please!"

THERE was a certain Milesian gentleman who was bringing up his numerous progeny on potatoes and point—that is to say, they ate the potatoes and pointed at a red herring in the middle of the table, which was thus made to last for almost any length of time. One day 'at was late to dinner and found his family seated round the cupboard in which the herring was locked up, and as they ate their potatoes so they pointed at the cupboard. "Arrah, but yer a grady lot o' childer!" he exclaimed, in disgust; "couldn't yer ate yer dinner without fish one day in the week!"

THEY had left the larger room,
And all their friends forsook;
He and she together sat
In a snug-curtained nook.
With them sat a little niece—
A merry, tiny dot;
Then they whispered sweetest love,
All raging, burning hot.
Then a pause came in the talk,
As pauses often do;
And o'er the room's heard a voice,
"Please, auntie, kiss me, too."

DURING one of their daily squabbles last week, Mr. Penhecker, hoping to silence his better—alas! much better—half, observed, "Remember, woman, Caesar's wife should be above suspicion." "Oh, that's all very well!" replied Mrs. P. "But how about Caesar?"

"NO, sir," declared the editor of a society paper, "I decline to fight you." "Ha! you do, do you?" exclaimed his bloodthirsty visitor; "I thought as much. I felt sure of it." "And that, I presume, sir, was what induced you to challenge me," replied the editor.

THERE used to be an old saying, "That what can't be cured must be endured." But we've improved upon that lately, for on Saturday night we heard our pork butcher exclaim, as he sniffed suspiciously at a joint of prime American, "Humph! Well, well! what can't be cured must be made into German sausages."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is a large oil painting by W. B. WOLLEN, measuring 6 ft. 6 in. x 5 ft. in a handsome gold frame, representing the Storming of the Motee Mahal, Lucknow, and the

HEROIC DEED OF CAPTAIN (NOW VISCOUNT) WOLSELEY.

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before December 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

•• This Picture will shortly be on View.

TOOTSIE AT THE "PAV."



The Cocoon.

WHAT a struggle the music-halls, if I may believe what Snook thinks he remembers, seem to have had since those far-away days preceding the Charley Morton Canterbury pilgrimages! Even to-day, what almost overwhelming influence has been brought to bear against Mr. Briggs's big ornamental addition in the King's Road, Brighton, anent a little ballet, at which, I see, the *Era* is actually moved to lead type. Being but a youthful young woman, I don't pretend to be particularly prophetic, but I can't help thinking that with a ballet something after the Leicester Square style the Brighton Alhambra ought to draw good money, and become a boon to Brightonians.

I fancy some of the best London music-halls are pretty firmly fixed. Without being a very mercenary-minded girl, I should not mind owning a few shares in the not-yet-built Tivoli, or the Alhambra, or Pavilion; and that brings me round to the fact that the other night I spent a very jolly evening at the latter (in a three-guinea box, of course, the one and only Ted Swanborough seated by my side, seemingly in a blissful dream, yet most courteous, as he ever is, and more and more like Albert Edward).

There is just now a very good show on at the "Pav." I got there early, in time for Katie Seymour, a great favourite of mine, and one who, I feel sure, will take a good front place before long, by which, of course, I don't mean No. 2 on the programme. Anon, after much varied talent, select and assorted, came my Billee Barlow, of whom I think much, and presently Charles Coborn, whose "Two Lovely Black Eyes" will ever haunt my girlish dreamland—though, if I may believe a recent interviewer, he is, as they say in high-pitched melodrama, ANOTHER'S. Yes, to quote Charles's words, as there



Tootsie and Teddy Swanborough

set down, "I went about in the provinces singing, and resolved never to give in. Then a happy thought struck me—'Get married,' and I did. Since then I have got on all right." (Good Charles! My kind regards to Mrs. C. C.)

If, says the Dook Snook, you search amongst the mildewed memorials of the past, you may perchance come across a record, bearing date 1832, relating to a show at Bartlemy Fair, given by one Capelli, an Italian conjuror, consisting of a company of cats that beat a drum, turned an organ, hammered on an anvil, ground coffee (it does not say if they drank the milk), and rang on a bell. One of them understood French as well as Italian, obeying orders in both languages (and presumably swearing in both, and even English also). Of late, cats have come to the front (surely sweet Miss Whitey's portrait in a recent *Lady's Pictorial* is a joy for ever), and so Leoni Clarke's troupe of highly-educated felines are "up to date," as Georgie Sims and Harry Pettitt have it, and a surprising show withal.

Following the cats, came, after awhile, Kolta's Cocoon, at which I wondered greatly. Hitherto, ladies have vanished beneath the magician's wand, but now they appear tangible and possibly shakable and snackable, but of that I am not sure). This is an amazing trick, which you must see before you can believe it.

Whether the power therein manifested will generally commend itself to much-over-married men and butterfly-inclined bachelors, as much as did the once highly-popular vanishments, I am not prepared to say. At any rate, however, it is very wonderful, and no Well-Regulated Girl should lose any time in learning how it is to be done. Later on came my Bessie (Bonchill surname, or "sir"-name, perhaps, may be more appropriate, as she is universally known as the "Male Impersonator"). Then followed "La Petite Amoros"—very clever, too—and then, I think, they played the "National Anthem," and, tearing myself away as well as I could from these realms of dazzling light, I went home, had supper, and dreamt of angels without wings.

By-the-way, I did not take with me either Bob, Billy, or the Snook. I notice, somehow, I spend much pleasanter evenings without them.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," November 17th, 1888.

Name _____
Address _____
Age _____
Occupation, if any _____
How many times applied _____
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, November 21st, 1888. The Results of the Competition of November 10th, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for November 24th, 1888.

119th WEEK. RESULT OF NOVEMBER 3rd COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. CLARA FUGE, Artist, 108 Dalston Lane. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since No. 8. LONDON.
2. ALEXANDER COOKE, Musician, 32 Holbeck Road, Stockwell. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—4 years. LONDON.
3. A. LAROOM, Hairdresser, 475 New Cross Road. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—over 3 years. LONDON.
4. HELEN EVASON, Dressmaker, Montague Place. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—2 years, 3 months. ALBRIGHTON.
5. HENRY SMITH, Farmer. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—3 years. BARTON.
6. ALFRED STEWART, Working Men's Club. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. BOWNESS.
7. WM. J. MINNS, Compositor, Chaucer Press. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since No. 19. BUNGAY.
8. GEORGE RICKWOOD, Groom, Foxbury Stables. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—since June, 1886. CHISLEHURST.
9. AUDSLEY SEXTON, Signaller, Spring Hill. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—13 months. CROFTON.
10. G. W. JACOBS, Assistant Master, 4 Yarborough Grove. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—3 years, 9 weeks. EAST COWES.
11. HARVEY F. HIRST, Engraver, 77 Clarence Road. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—3 years. HARBORNE.
12. CHARLES CAMP, Booking Clerk, Childswell Farm, Pole Hole. Age, 16 years, 7 months. Subscriber—2 years, 8 months. HARLOW.
13. SARAH ANN RANCE, Dressmaker, "Royal Oak Inn," Naphill. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—4 years, 5 weeks. HIGH WYCOMBE.
14. GEORGE SMITH, Labourer (Care of Mr. J. Morris), 45 St. James Street, Woodhouse Lane. Age, 42 years. Subscriber—3 years. LEEDS.
15. WILLIAM MUSCUTT, Hairdresser, Market Square. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since July, 1885. LONG BUCKBY.
16. J. TOMKINS, Mason, Lea Wall Works. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—since No. 23. MILLOM.
17. THOMAS HOLT, Assistant Engineer, Lomeshaye Bridge Mills. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—3 years. NELSON.
18. ROBERT N. PEARSON, Grocer, Bank Lane. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—3 years. SOUTH ESTON.
19. WILLIAM CLARKE, Labourer. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—12 months. WOODHALL SPA.
20. JAMES J. BELL, Clerk, High Street. Age, 25. Subscriber—since commencement. YARM.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS. No. 4.—THE "GENERAL."

I RISE at winter dawn at six,
I fetch the coal, I get the sticks;
Missus yells, "Now, you Maria!
Ain't you bin and lit that fire?"

My kitchen ain't a palace quite;
I think as you would get a fright
To see the beetles crawl about—
Do Baldwin from the boiler spout.

My breakfast when I tries to eat,
I'm always on and off my feet.
"Maria, what's the use of you?
You ain't half done this patent shoe."

When frost is hard, and wind is keen,
The front-door steps I has to clean;
I feels my fingers nigh on froze,
I gets a chilblain on my nose.

And, oh! the sweepin' that I do,
From kitchen up to attic, too—
The scourin' out from floor to floor.
The answerin' to the tradesman's door.

In afternoon I'm bawled about,
"Maria, take them children out;
Put on their gloves, don't soil their hats."
And don't they fight like little cats!

My Jim's a soldier, that I own,
Yet ne'er he asked me for a loan;
Tho' some young girls, I've heard 'em say,
For everything, sir, has to pay.

Jim, one day, will marry me,
Then in barracks I shall be;
A bit by washing I shall make,
Yet we'll be happy, no mistake.

I'll be his slave—don't make a stir—
It's better than a missus, sir.
Hark! there I hears her bawlin' higher—
"Maria! Maria!! Maria!!! Maria!!!!"

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

"It all come o' crackin' two cribs in one night. I told old Crummet-face—he were my pal—as no good wouldn't come of it, but he were stubborn, and druv me on.

"Crib Number One was a jeweller's in the Edgware Road. "Crib Number Two was in Duke-ly Street, off the Road. It was a flat over a swell boot maker's shop, an' the lady as lived there was a reg'ler high-flier; went out of heavenin's all covered over with jewels, like a reg'ler duchess. Crummet-face had found out these particulars from the cook.

"Well, after getting in and opening the safe, as I was stowing away a di'mond neckless, an' some ear-drops, an' a couple o' bracelets, an' was lookin' about for more, I ears a light sound behind me, an' somethin' cold touches my cheek, an' when I turns round, I finds myself lookin' down the barrel of a revolver, with a young lady at the other end of it.

"It was the young lady as 'ad the flat. She'd jumped out o' bed, an' stole in from the next room. An' she was all in white, trimmed with lace an' frills, an' er long goldin' 'air was 'angin' down 'er back, an' 'er feet was bare, an' I took it in at a glarnse as they was the smallest an' whitest I ever set my eyes on. A reg'ler bit o' jam, that's wot she was. An' she 'eld a revolver to my 'eal, an' says she, 'If you so much as breathe, I'll blow your bloomin' brains out.' An' I thought it best, under the circumstances, to try an' do without. 'You were a-goin' to rob me, was you?' she says, as cool as cucumber, an' as bold as brass. 'Throw up your 'ands.'

"I 'esitates. "Throw up your 'ands,' she says, with a bloodthirsty sort o' click o' the trigger o' the revolver.

"I gives one thort to Crummet-face, a-waitin' for me outside, an' throws 'em up; an' still coverin' me with 'er beastly weppin', she empties my pockets, as neatly as a professional prig could 'a done it, with 'er left 'and, small, and white, an' glitterin' with rings.

"Bin in luck to-night, Johnny!" she says, with a 'Mericaun sort o' twang, an' showin' 'er pearly teeth in a smile, as she brings out the swag from Crib Number One, along with 'er own things. "Nothin' more!" she says, chuckin' the last o' the things behind her into a caskit. 'You may go, now, Johnny.' An' as I 'esitates ag'in, she advances, an' I gives way before 'er, till we git to the door.

"I'll give you five minutes to make yourself scarce in; I'll give you that, an' no more.' My courage comes back ag'in, for I'll own I had bin a bit frightened, an' I speaks 'usky-like and tremblin'.

"You've had the best of it, Miss. I says, 'an' you've cleaned me out, an' I don't bear no malice, for I never see a gal such a plucked one as yourself afore, meanin' no offence; an' if I could carry away a kiss from them lips o' yourn, blast me blue!' I says, 'if you ain't welcome to the swag an' all as you've collared. There!'

"She looks at me a minute, scornful-like, an' still threatenin' me with the revolver. Then she smiles ag'in.

"Take your kiss, you fool," she says, an' bends forrards, and I takes it. In a second she draws back, fearful-like as I should try to scrag 'er, an' waves me off, an' I nips out on the leads an' drops over the wall in a twinklin'. An' not till we gets back to the crib were we was livin' does I tell the ole story to Crummet-face.

"Wild 'e was, I can tell you. 'E swore he'd 'ave 'er jewels an' our swag, an' give her something to remember him by, besides, for all her revolvers. An' 'e 'angs about the 'ouse for a day or two, waitin' 'is chance. But the blinds are all down, an' nobody shows at the winders, an' by-an'-bye it comes out as the lady's gone an' left no address. Forgot to pay the landlari, too, she did, an' went away in a private 'ansom, with 'er maid a-followin' in a railway 'bus, along o' the luggage.

"That's my story, that is, and if you knows a rummier, you up an' tell it, but not without another pot o' beer to wash it down."



Finding out particulars.



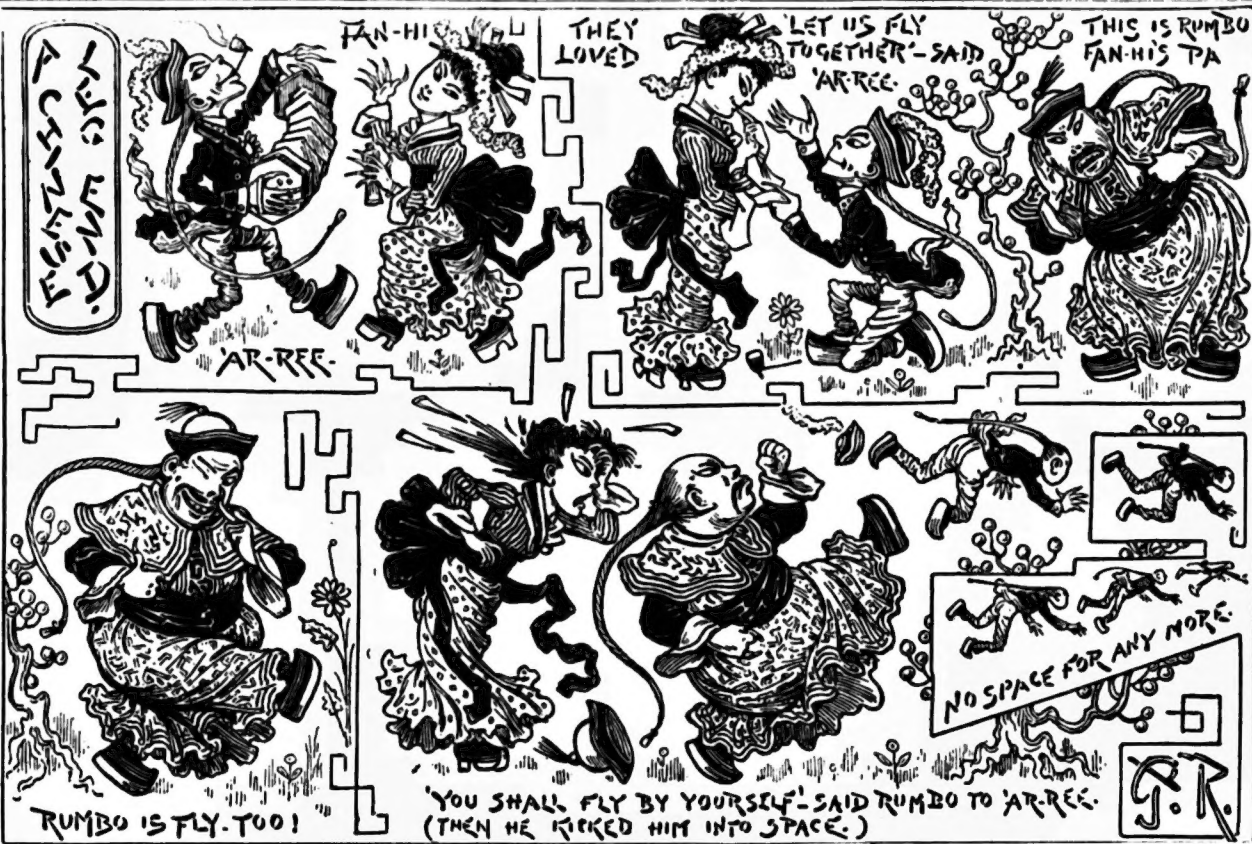
Throw up your 'ands.



Went away in a private hansom.



OH LOR!
Portrait of a gentleman who has written to say that if he gets ALLY'S £500 he shall found a home for stray mothers-in-law.



VIOLIN(T) GIRL.
(The poet warbleth.)
The music sounds so sweetly on our ear,
A lovely face is always nice to see,
The two combined our weary life will cheer,
What awful bosh! It's all fiddle-de-dee!

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 52.—Miss ROSE CUTBERT.
"My blind adoration is always increasing." —The Dook Snook.
"My love for her will endure till time itself shall fade." —Lord Bob.
"Want, misery, and care may do their worst if loving woman loves you truly." —The Hon. Bully.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM NOVELS.



1. Alone in the log hut with Muggins, Ethel felt alarmed. "Have you made out my bill for last week's washing, mistress?" demanded Muggins. "I have no paper," she replied. "No matter," said he, "you shall tattoo the receipt on the sole of my foot." The girl recoiled.



2. As I hurried myself against the door I heard the bolt shoot, and a derisive laugh. Still I hurried. Then the little window opened, and Gaspard's hideous head and shoulders protruded. Raising a revolver, he deliberately fired. I felt a bullet crash into my brain!



3. She approached, and beheld Robert seated on the old stone bench, his limbs writhing in agony. Again and again he dashed his head against the brickwork. Could Dorothy stand by and see this strong man's anguish. "Have it out," she said. The next moment he was rushing off to the dentist.



4. Sarsaparilla felt a tug at his robe. He turned with an oath, and beheld Mara. "Pardon, señor, but the coin paid for the last bottle of Amontillado was a bad one," and she held out the jubilee sixpence in her tiny palm.

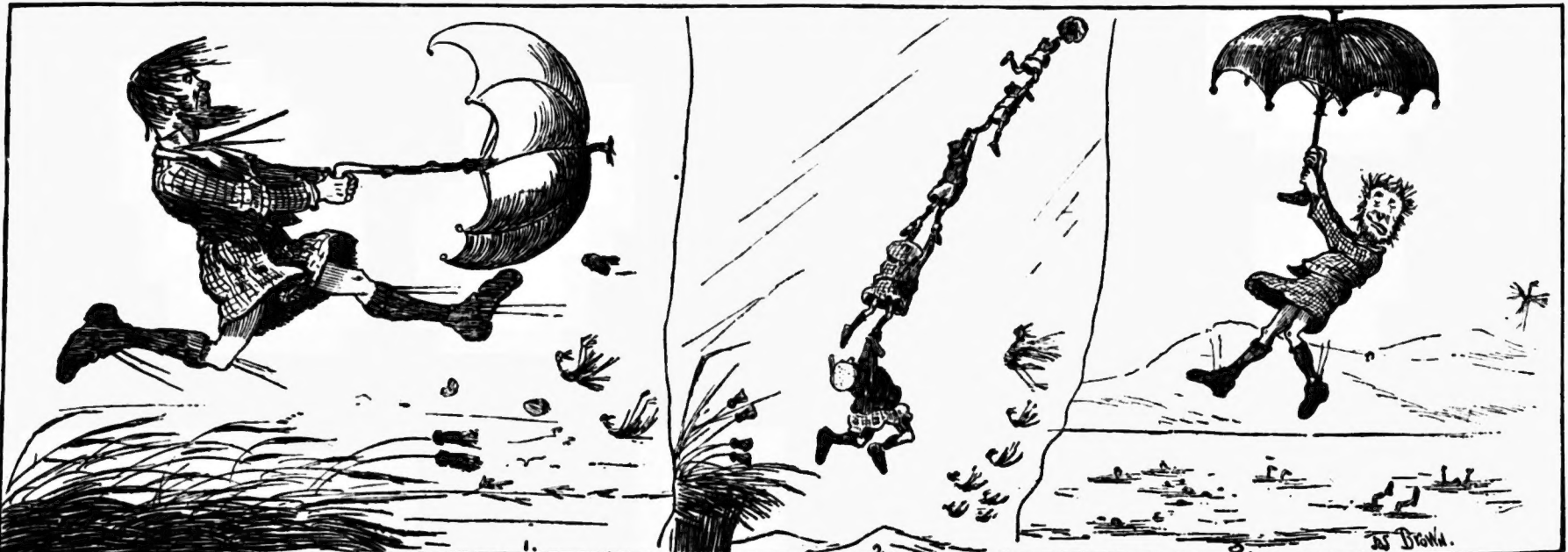


5. Ysault glanced down at the sleeping figure of Mostyn, and then her eyes wandered to her rosy fingers peeping out from the tips of worn gloves. As she stood, his classic nostrils quivered, and a sonorous snore rent the air. Like a startled deer Ysault fled.



6. I know not what possessed me to do so, but I could not resist looking over the stone wall. I shudder when I think of what I saw. There, bearing between them the form of old Dan, were two minions of the law, slowly pacing to the croaking of a hideous frog.

A HIGH WIND IN THE HIGHLANDS.



1. "Dang me!" said the Elder "A'll be at the end o' the wurrid in two minutes if this lasts."
2. Of course his officious neighbours must needs interfere to arrest his progress.
3. He then soliloquised, "Isn't it awfu'! A man canna take a breath o' fresh air without a lot o' devils hangin' on tae him."
[Baldwin nowhere.—ED. "A.S.H.-H."]



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here we are, friends, within hailing, or raining, or snowing, or whatever you like to call it distance of Christmas. Phew! but isn't it cold? I fancy I'm suffering from a mixture of bronchitis, chilblains, asthma, rheumatism, neuralgia, and a few other pleasantries. But I cast aside the ills of the flesh, and, with you, will now enter the realms of sublimity.—The English Minister, so bright, The Yankers chuckled. Well, serve him right:—Oh, naughty Judge! your tricky ways Do really men of sense amaze:—"Starving and ill! Don't be a fool! Starving? Bah! You must go to school:—"A jealous French clerk, no great catch, In Jan Van Beers found quite his match:—The Putney dustmen take delight In causing all the slaves' fright:—"Put in a 'brown,' open a drawer; Pull out a hymn-book, nothing more:—"Coward for minutes five," said he, "Is better than a corpse to be."—When a fellow's doid in his dose, he doesn't like to tarry. Adieu!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

TURNING THE TABLES.



Major Slasher. No, ladies, it's no go—all money gone, besides watch and chain, and my overcoat and umbrella are now being raffled.

Attendant. Oh! Major, have you nothing for me?

Major. Confound it! Well, take my hat—that will crown it all!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE King of Serbia seems to be a nice sort of man. The free and easy way in which he divorced his Queen is one of the neatest bits of work of its kind that has ever been done. With-out going into the merits or demerits of the case, A. SLOPER cannot help thinking that if everyone could get rid of his better half as easily as King Milan did, he knows of one or two who would like to start soon. The worst part of Milan's conduct, though, is the scrubbyallowance he has made for the once wife of his manly chest. A. SLOPER would blush to leave Mrs. S. in similar circumstances were it necessary for him to appeal to the Metro-



politan (Police) for a life-long release—which, by-the-way, he would not get. Only last week A. SLOPER made provision for Mrs. S. in his last Will and Testament. A man's will is generally considered sacred, and, as a rule, is a secret until after his death, but in the case of A. SLOPER things are different, and on the authority of Mr. George Lewis, the solicitor who prepared the document, we are in a position to say that the following is an authentic copy:—Commencing with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 4th, 1888, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-CAMPANE" from each week's paper, and keep them by you until January 26th, 1889, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in the Number for February 2nd, 1889, for the name and address of the lucky winner of £500. Don't on any account post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing August 4th, 1888, and ending January 26th, 1889.

CALCUTTA boasts a theatre conducted on somewhat original lines. It is called the Arya Natya Samaj, and the principal rule is that no actress shall be allowed to tread its boards whose character is not spotless. No ballets of any description are allowed there, so pantomimes are unknown. It is par excellence the theatre of the Calcutta school-boys, who are allowed in at half-price. We have no doubt the boys are very grateful for the care taken of them, but it's pretty certain, if their tastes were consulted, ballet girls would be imported by the score.

HUMAN NATURE is now being played at the Marylebone Theatre with great success. This little theatre is fast becoming a popular resort with the Marylebonites as well as the inhabitants of the district around. And why not, indeed? The scenic effect, if not quite equal to the West-end monarch's, is quite satisfactory, and the company engaged fully equal to any first-class provincial one.

THERE was a big flourish of trumpets at the Sebright Music Hall on November 5th, caused mainly by the visit of the Sloper Family, who went in response to the invitation of genial Mr. Belmont, the proprietor. The house has been recently re-decorated; in fact, so recently has it been re-decorated, that ALLY's best Sunday-go-to-public coat was covered all over with paint, and completely spoilt. Never mind; the bill was a strong one, so the Eminent has decided not to bring an action for damages for the present.

THIS being Yankee, is, of course, true. It was so cold at a race meeting in New York recently, that a young lady, who wore varnished boots, forgetfully kept her feet together, and when she attempted to stand up, found that her boots had frozen together.

THE Oriental Bazaar at the Winter Garden, Cheltenham, in aid of the local branch of the Nazareth House Charity, drew great crowds recently. The scenes from Faust, in which Mrs. Baring Bingham (the promoter of the Bazaar) took the part of Marguerite, were perhaps the most attractive feature. A. SLOPER's only regret is that he was not asked to play Faust.



A TRAIN was approaching one of the Paris stations. Suddenly the engineer saw a man dash up and recklessly cast himself before the engine, placing his neck upon the line. So suddenly was this done, that it was impossible to stop the train until it was too late. The head was clean cut from the trunk.

THE successful comic opera, *Carina*, at the Opera Comique, is a work that no lover of bright and tuneful music or of funny written libretto should miss. It is staged superbly, whilst the grouping of the chorus is a complete triumph of artistic stage management. As *Carina*, Miss Camille D'Arville's beautiful voice and winning manner charms everyone; whilst Miss Alice Lethbridge, as a Moorish waiting maid, is scarcely less pleasing. Messrs. Durward Lely, Charles Collette, E. D. Ward, and W. Guise are all provided with parts suitable to their respective talents. Altogether, the whole thing is most enjoyable; in fact, you can't help liking *Carina*; as Charlie Collette says in his funny song, "You have to."

MRS. MOSES FARLEY, a rich American lady of undoubted beauty, is a very important personage in the American fashionable world. Her extravagances shock everyone—at least, this is according to Society stories. She is the wife of a former Baltimore newsboy. She is possessed of a million dollars' worth of jewellery. It is said she rarely appears in the same dress twice.

LOVERS of exciting literature cannot do better than buy the "Round Table Annual for 1889," price one shilling. It is a complete story of one hundred and twenty pages, by Miss Clo. Graves, entitled "THE PIRATE'S HAND," a Romance of Heredity, by the author of "The Strange Case of Dr. Shuffie and Mr. Glyde;" and contains numerous illustrations by Bernard Partridge and Maurice Greiffenhagen. The majority of people like their hair to stand on end at Christmas time, and there is no doubt the bloody hand of Miss Graves' Pirate will do it for the sum of one shilling, or post-free one shilling and threepence, direct from Judy Office, 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

THERE are many worse ways of spending an evening than attending a smoking concert—at least, that is our opinion. We have been present at two within a week, viz., one of the Bohemian Smoking Concerts held at the Portman Rooms, and another given by the Criterion Smoking Concert Society held at the Criterion Restaurant, and can safely say we have never attended two better conducted entertainments. The programmes included the names of several well-known theatrical artists and many well-known amateur performers, each of whom received a fair share of applause.

THERE has been another experiment in balloon racing at Senlis, France, and by all accounts it appears to have been attended with considerable success. Out of ten competitors, three alighted within the bounds of Senlis, while the others were only two or three kilometres distant. Louis Godard, who had twice previously been the winner, was this time second, Hache alighting nearest to the centre of the town.

IN an action, the other day, before Mr. Justice Grantham—an action with which A. SLOPER was in no way connected, the name of the F.O.M. was passed freely around, both by judge and counsel. One of the parties to the action is known to A. SLOPER, and that is how they managed to drag him into it. A. SLOPER has many friends in the Royal Courts of Justice, and so he was sent for to come and hear the pleasant things that were said about his paper. The judge said he didn't take the "HALF-HOLIDAY" in regularly, but when he did he usually used it for wrapping up his lunch in. An eminent Q.C. said his wife always had it, it came in handy if you wanted your boots soled and heeled. Soon after this A. SLOPER left hurriedly.

IT is only fair to the Eminent to state that it was not at his suggestion that the Usher of the Court, after Mr. Justice Grantham had kindly informed the counsel present that such journals as "ALLY SLOPER" existed by libelling people, exclaimed in solemn tones, "Lord have Mercier upon us."

THE rumour circulating in legal circles that Mr. Justice Grantham has been created F.O.S., is utterly devoid of foundation.

THEY are varying the conditions of duelling in Yankee land. Up till now the pistol and the rapier have been the favourite weapons with duellists, and things were growing, to say the least, monotonous. Now, in Kansas they have the "head" duel—not the conflict of wits, but the colliding of skulls. The combatants, with lowered heads, charge down upon each other, butting like goats. Victory rests with him who has the thickest pate.

LUXURIOUS Alhambra! Gilded Hall of Ease! How pleasant after a day of worry it is to beauties, who display their shapely limbs and their agility to a delighted audience. To listen enraptured to the singing of Minnie Mario and Rosie Heath, to marvel at Mous. Roberts' performing dogs, to get hopelessly mashed on the Beautiful Geraldine, and chuckle much whilst Herbert Campbell informs you that "It's just about time for another!" "Now he comes to think of it,"—what can be more enjoyable? Echo answers, What?

THE Sheffield Haymarket was recently startled by a report of firearms. A Mr. Maurice Heathcote went to a gunsmith's to get some oil for cleaning a revolver he had with him. Not knowing the weapon was loaded, the shop lad foolishly pulled the trigger, causing the revolver to go off. The bullet passed through his third finger, through the plate-glass door, across the street, over the back of a cab-horse which was on the stand, and finally struck the wall of a shop on the opposite side of the street.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 24TH, 1888.

18th November, 1847.—Dr. Dibdin, son of the sailor, Thomas Dibdin, who was immortalized by his brother as "Poor Tom Bowling," died this day. In his "Bibliomaniac" (1811) is the following curious result of the diligence of a calculator, and the cruelty of a schoolmaster:—"A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Swabia, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. 'How vast' (exclaims the journalist) 'the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!'"

18th November, 1852.—On this, the day of the Duke of Wellington's interment in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the bell of the parish church at Trim was tolled in sympathy with the event, and was cracked. This is curious, when the duke's early connection with this town is remembered, as its representative in the Irish parliament.

19th November, 1879.—A terrible drama, the cause of which is unknown, was enacted this day at the fencing school, situated 23 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. A good many persons were taking lessons, when a gentleman named Rigaud came in, and, walking straight up to M. Chazet, the master of the establishment, fired a revolver at him. M. Chazet fell dead, shot through the heart. The three assistant-masters at once rushed towards the murderer to disarm him, but with three more shots Rigaud wounded them all seriously, especially M. Alphonse Dalbert, who was shot through the body. The bullet, entering his back, came out just below the left breast. With the last bullet remaining in his revolver, the assassin shot himself through the head. He was believed to have been insane.

19th November, 1862.—The first notice of a marriage with the novel announcement of "No cards" appeared in the *Times* of this date.

19th November, 1881.—The Gaiety Theatre of Varieties at Southampton was this day destroyed by fire.

20th November, 1886.—*Nature*, of this date, says:—"Two remarkable specimens of deformed fish were taken from a rearing pond at Delaford this day, and brought to the South Kensington Aquarium. One was a trout about three years old, whose tail was bent to such an extreme that it stood at right angles with the body of the fish. Its mode of progress was laboured, and its appearance was very peculiar. The other specimen was an ordinary stickle-back, measuring four inches in length, whose body was swollen through dropsy to the extent of one inch in diameter. At first sight its appearance was similar to a young mouse, and it required close inspection to grasp the fact that it was a fish. It moved very slowly, with great expenditure of force, the weight of the contorted body being considerable."

20th November, 1841.—Cavanagh, the "fasting man," was this day detected at Reading as an impostor, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. There was a fasting woman, of Norwich, in the thirteenth century, mentioned by Bacon.

20th November, 1839.—The Rev. John Williams, a missionary, was this day murdered in the South Sea Islands.

21st November, 1678.—William Stayley was this day found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be drawn on a sledge, executed and quartered, his bowels to be burnt, and his head set on London Bridge, and his quarters on the City Gates. On the 26th the sentence was carried out, and his quarters left at Newgate; but he having behaved very penitent, and his friends having prayed the king to grant them his remains, the prayer was granted. No sooner did they obtain them, than they set about having Mass said, and other Romish ceremonies performed, finishing with a pompous funeral from his father's house to the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden. Of course, the king (Charles II.) was displeased at this exhibition, and ordered the coroner of Westminster to take up the quarters from the churchyard, and the coffin being broken open, the sheriffs were directed to carry out the original sentence.

21st November, 1880.—The Midgets were this day, for the first time, exhibited in London.

22nd November, 1765.—Mr. Cole, of Milton, in his visit to the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, says in his "Diary" of this date:—"Mr. Walpole had been informed by M. Mariette that in this treasury were several wax figures of some of the later Kings of France, and asked one of the monks to leave to see them, as they were not commonly shown or much known. Accordingly, in four cupboards, above those in which the jewels, crosses, busts, and curiosities were kept, were eight ragged figures of so many monarchs of this country down to Louis XIII., which must be very like, as their faces were taken off in wax immediately after their decease. The monk told us that the great Louis XIV.'s face was so remarkably wrinkled, that it was impossible to take one off from him."

22nd November, 1853.—There was a dense fog this day in the metropolis. In the streets and on the river the utmost confusion prevailed, and in the neighbourhood of railway stations a complete block existed for hours. In the shops there was an entire cessation of business.

23rd November, 1763.—The unfortunate Abbé Prevost, author of "Manon Lescaut" and other novels, was passing through the Forest of Chantilly, on this day, when he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and carried by some woodcutters to the village-surgeon as dead. He proceeded to open the body, when the wretched man was soon aroused to a consciousness of his agonies and the horror of his situation, from which he shortly afterwards expired.

23rd November, 1753.—Cuper's Gardens, Lambeth, were this day suppressed as a place of amusement. Dr. Charles Mackay describes them as "not the resort of respectable company, but of the abandoned of either sex." Some of the trees belonging to these gardens still grow in the grounds behind St. John's Church, Waterloo Road.

23rd November, 1499.—The earliest English coin which bears a date was struck in 1494 for the "Pretender," Perkin Warbeck, who was hanged on the above date.

24th November, 1213.—The possessions of the Knights-Templars in England were this day appropriated by the Crown in obedience to a papal mandate, in trust for the Knights Hospitallers, which distinguished Order was instituted in 1118, and consisted of nine poor knights, who for Christ's love protected the avenues of his shrine from infidels and robbers.

24th November, 1848.—William Lamb, Lord Melbourne, the first Prime Minister of Queen Victoria, died this day in his seventieth year.

24th November, 1713.—Laurence Sterne, "sentimental" traveller and novelist, was born this day at Clonmell. In 1822, Sterne's wig was sold at a public auction in London for 200 guineas.

ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

"The soirée have caused science assert they presented evolution."

THE KING'S COLLEGE "SWARRY."

"The soirée to which they were invited at King's College, recently, must have caused much surprise to the assembled bishops. There was no theology. Science asserted herself. Bold, unabashed, reckless of dogma, careless of creed, they presented to the prelates the development of the frog and the wonders of evolution."—Daily Paper.

INTENT upon the o-logical sport,
And regardless of meaner quarry,
The bishops flocked in their shovel
hats
To the grand King's College
"swarry."

They came from the
civilized parts of the
earth,
Wherever a temple or
mart is;
And they came from the
barbarous regions,
too—
From the "infidelin
partes."

But no word of theology
did they hear;
For, alas! to their rad
confusion,
They listened all night
to a lecture drear.
On the science of e-volu-
tion.

They gazed on a 'og
who had ugliness

On its ev'ry slimy feature,
And they grieved that nature had thought it fit
To develop the hideous creature.

As each prelate, disheartened, took up his hat,
And went off in his carriage or lorry,
He vowed he had fully enough of the frog,
And more than enough of the "swarry."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish that the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," November 17th, 1888.

Name.....

Address.....

Want.....

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

94th WEEK.

RESULT OF NOVEMBER 3rd COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. LAURA ROBERTS, Bronallt, DOLGELLY.

A COPPER KETTLE.

2. HARRY SPEER, 32 Church Street, GREENWICH.

A CARVED MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG WIDOW LADY, aged 25,

rather dark, nice figure, and fairly good looking, holding middle class position, would like to correspond with a gentleman of nice position, with view to matrimony. Large salary not necessary. Address—"NORMA," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who have good berths, and are

aged 24 and 27 respectively, being tired of single life, would like to correspond with two amiable and prepossessing young ladies, with view to matrimony. Send photos, which will be returned. Address—"MAURICE," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, dark, good figure, age between 19 and 20, height

5 feet 3 inches, is desirous of meeting a gentleman, not under 24, who possesses a jolly, loving and domesticated wife. Must be well-to-do, but not rich. Address—"GLEN," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE ADVERTISER, a gentleman 28 years of age, well educated,

plays the violin, has a salary of £300 per annum and a private income of from £100 to £150, would like to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with a young lady (dark preferred), about 22 to 24 years of age. She must be well educated, domesticated, and able to take entire charge of a home. Photo to be sent, which will be returned if required. Address—"BANKER'S CLERK," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

EDITH, aged 21, neat, domesticated, very musical and jolly,

wishes to meet with a gentleman or good tradesman, not under thirty, with a view to matrimony. Please enclose photo (which will be returned), in the strictest confidence to "EDITH," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.S., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

I QUEEN'S ROAD STUDIOS, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

October 20th, 1888.

DEAR ALLY,—“Many men,” as Dean Swift remarks, “have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.” You, sir, are guilty of the first and last of these, but the second is as foreign to your nature as the fusion of oil and water; but the first and last occur to you as naturally as the mixing of the limpid element with the unsweetened juice of the juniper. In presenting to me the “Award of Merit,” you do, indeed, a generous action, but of the wisdom I doubt me much; for I fear me I become puffed out with pride and consequence, in that I am indicated, and, as it were, preferred above other men of greater merit. I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them, therefore I shall say no more than that I receive your acceptable honour just as, I am sure, you desire I should. May you never give me cause to change in any single article the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your charming family and readers who deserve your goodwill, and of all who have merit enough to appreciate you, is the earnest wish of yours, sir, with great truth and affection,

HERBERT LYNDON, F.O.S.

77 KENNINGTON ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E., October 21st, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you very much for the “Award of Merit” which you send me. I am very much pleased with it. Thanking you again for your kind attention, I remain,

A. SLOPER, Esq.

Yours truly, CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.

72 THEOBALD'S ROAD, W.C., October 22nd, 1888.

DEAR ALLY,—

If you ask me where I found it, I will answer, I will tell you—

At the door of the Pavilion,

The stage-door of the Pavilion;

Sent by the great ALY SLOPER,

By the only ALY SLOPER

And his friend, the Gin-an'-Watha—

Gin-an'-Watha, the “Unsweetened,”

Sent to me, to Arry Vernon,

To the grateful Arry Vernon,

Late chairman of Pavilion.

With many thanks for the “Award of Merit,” I remain,

Sincerely yours,

HARRY J. C. VERNON, F.O.S.

ORMIDALE, BRODICK, ISLE OF ARRAN, N. B.,

October 29th, 1888.

DEAR MR. ALLY SLOPER,—Your most kind and flattering “Award of Merit” has arrived safely, and caused an infinite amount of fun and amusement in this distant island. I little thought my undertaking would gain so much notoriety and distinction, but I need scarcely add I am deeply gratified by the notice you have taken of it. I am very proud of the beautiful little baby, who, I am sure, deserves an “Award” for his goodness on the road, and the amusement he was to us whilst I pushed him five hundred miles in his perambulator; but as for the “Award of Merit” which you have bestowed on me, it is an honour I shall be proud of all the days of my life.

Your affectionate friend (don't tell Mrs. Sloper),

ELLEN DENNY, F.O.S.

CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE, October 31st, 1888.

DEAR ALLY,—Many thanks for the great honour you have bestowed upon me by granting me the highly-prized “Award of Merit,” which is placed upon the wall in a most conspicuous part of this hotel, to be looked upon by those who aspire to a similar elevated position amongst their fellow-men. With kind regards to Tootsie, I am, yours ally)ways, HENRY R. WILLATS, F.O.S.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

GUS CONNELLY.

Because he waited patiently.

W. F. COOPER.

Because he's the “Peckham's”

Pianist.

DOROTHY DENE.

Because she won't be happy till

she gets it.

T. C. GLENVILLE.

Because of his compositions.

SIR JAMES HANNE.

Because he's the boss of the

Commission.

ROSIE HEATH.

Because of her singing and

dancing.

“PROFESSOR” HIGGINS.

Because he's Baldwin junior.

ALICE LETHBRIDGE.

Because in Carina she's Moor

charming than ever.

LORD SACKVILLE.

Because when he gets thin, he the

back ville have got.

CAPTAIN O'SHEA.

Because he's a Times server.

GEORGE STONE.

Because he leaves no stone

unturned to make his

parts go.

JAMES WHITEHEAD.

Because he's the new Lord Mayor.

“THE SLOPERIES,” 99 Shoe Lane,

November 17th, 1888.

Fleet Street, London, E.C.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the “SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT” have been presented to

A. J. ALLEN, 67 New Bond St., W.,

for the Best Answer (printed hereunder), to the Question—
“WHO IS THE BIGGEST GUY OF THE MOMENT?”

SLOPER, dear old ALLY,

The dotlet of my eye,

Although I've searched both far and wide

To find a bigger guy.

My efforts have all failed me

(I've spared no time or pelf);

Not having been successful,

I must fall back on yourself.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE difference between a watch-key and a captain on the look-out for squalls is, that one winds the watch, the other watches the wind.

WHEN IS A CONCERT-SINGER SILENT?—When he holds his piece.

THE *Beggars' Opera* made Rich gay and Gay rich.

A CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.—The treadmill.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A donkey.

ACQUIRED TASTES.—Olives and Babies.

A LITTLE girl SLOPER knows has made her mind up she will never be married, but be a widow instead—she looks so pretty in black.

DEAD LANGUAGE.—Ghosts' gossip.

MRS. DANDO'S DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.
A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE OF SIN AND SORROW.

RELATED BY MRS. DANDO.

—(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. DANDO'S DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND COMES OUT
MAGNIFICENTLY.

IT is all settled now. Mr. Tomlinson says we are to have a house-warming. The news makes Matilda and me quite sprightly. It is a little bit dull at our cottage, as a general rule, and Mr. Tomlinson of an evening does improve our minds to that extent, that really—

However, we are to have a change now—this day week we are to have a house-warming.

Five days have elapsed since Mr. Tomlinson said it was to be, and Matilda and I have been working like slaves. We have hired some rout seats, as I don't think we have quite chairs enough, and have put the drawing-



At the London Market.

room table in the corner, as though it had been naughty, only we don't turn its back to the wall, because it has not a mahogany top, but drop a cover over it in a careless way, securely pinned at the back.

Mr. Tomlinson has brought home in the gig four fowls he himself purchased wholesale, extremely cheap, at the London market, which, he says, are “capons.” We send them to the local poultryer to truss, and the servant-girl brings back word that he called them “cratches.”

Besides these, we have a beautiful ham, which Mr. Tomlinson has bought up at a place he knows of, where everything is half the price it is anywhere else, and this, with some tarts, and some of a certain patent food in puddings and custards, ought to make a really noble spread.

I have been much hurt upon one subject. I understood that it was Mr. Tomlinson's desire that I should make the pastry, but he has now decided we are to have some penny things from a shop. Let it be so, I won't eat any of them.

The day has arrived. The clergyman and the doctor have been invited, and Mr. Tomlinson's partners, and Mr. Tomlinson's brother-in-law, Mr. Walkingame, and an old schoolfellow of Mr. Tomlinson's, and a friend of one of Mr. Tomlinson's partners, who, Mr. Tomlinson says, will be a “great addition.”

For ladies, we have six of Matilda's old schoolfellows, all madly fond of dancing, and two young ladies who used to live next door to us, and the doctor's wife, and her sister, and Mrs. Hankey's niece, and Mrs. Hankey herself, who says she will come early, and will be happy to be of use in any way, which means, I think (she is not very well off), that she will have a hearty meal with us in the middle of the day, and take a long nap afterwards, and then look on while we do the rest of the preparations. However, it is very kind of her to offer.

Everything is prepared, and there is at this moment the sound of wheels in the road, and now a double knock.

Matilda is not quite ready, but I am, and Mr. Tomlinson is, of course, and so is Mrs. Hankey, who is to preside over the tea and coffee, in the little room at the end of the passage, and who for the next two hours, whenever anybody happens to drop upon her, is always found with her mouth full of tea-cake.

The first arrivals are the doctor's wife and her sister, whom the stupid servant shows straight into the drawing-room, instead of taking them to Mrs. Hankey, and they come suddenly upon the back view of Mr. Tomlinson's legs, standing on a chair in the middle of the room doing something to the chandelier, which is a patent one, on a principle nobody but Mr. Tomlinson can understand.

(To be continued next week.)

I am, and Mr. Tomlinson is.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

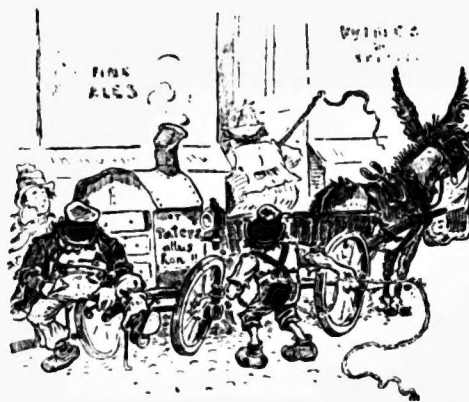


No. 53.—MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, F.O.S.

"Yielding to extraordinary pressure brought to bear upon us by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, a few dukes, marquises, earls, etc., we have consented to make public a few incidents connected with the life of G. R. Sims. G. R. is an inveterate jester—just—a little bit too much so, some people say, but that is a matter of opinion. Our hero's conversation is indeed one series of jokes, and you very seldom meet him without he is rolling out puns by the hundred, or dilating on the hardships of the London poor. It is said in his spare moments Sims is occupied in knocking off a few comedies, dramas, burlesques, etc. But this is done as mere pastime. Our hero is fond of warm things, 'Mustard and Cress' being a favourite dish with him—in fact, it is said it irritates his liver. Chiefly because he Sims to know 'How the Poor Live' better than anyone else, G. R. was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, May 2nd, 1885."—*Debrett Improved.*



First Dear. Awfully common lot of people here to-night, don't you think, Mr. Nobby? Nobby. Well, I don't know. We've got a retired fishmonger; he's rather fishy, I acknowledge. But then we have the son of a soapboiler, and even the second cousin of a knight. Then there's Jones; he's got a friend who is very intimate with someone who knows a baronet. So it's not so bad, after all!



"TATURS ALL 'OT!"

Those boys got it a bit hotter, even than the tatur, later on.



Simson always told the Misses Toogoods that he could usually depend upon his father for a good supply of "ready," but never mentioned his uncle; so it looked very funny when those young ladies met him almost on the doorstep of that respected relative.

NICE LIGHT READING!



She. Don't read any more, Harry, I feel so tired.

He. But, my dear, this is

She. Goodness me! You don't say so! Do go on. (An hour afterwards). Oh! how interesting! What a horrid shame to have stopped its sale in this country, isn't it, dear?



"A dustman was committed for trial for kissing a slavey." Dustman. Not the price of a drink, lass? Well, needs must I rest content with a kiss. Slavey. Ha, ha! Insulted by a thing of dust. Revenge! Come, minion, come and stand upon thy trial!



"I reckon them's some o' the picturs as wotn't sold in the last R'ral Academy Hexebishun! See wot harl's a-comin' to, Matey! They're wus off than us coves!"

BADGERING THE BADGER.



Dolt—the knowing Partridge say your Badger is 'at home'?

If so, you at once send in your Cards, or rather terriers, likewise your merry spades and diggers

The critter will probably bolt much after 18th fashion—good!

—and show much pretty play. Then comes the Tailing of the cuss, a manoeuvre Badgers are rather apt to imitate.

You now Rang the poor old chappie up to a convenient tree during lunch. If the Beast gnaws his way out, you just catch him all over again and in general the Badger has a high old time of it *voilà vive Le Sport*